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THE Devil upon Dun:

OR,
Moderation in Masquerade.

A
P O E M.

By the Author of the *True Born Englishman*.

WHile yet expecting the Returning Day,
Release from anxious Thoughts I *Dosting* lay,
My Soul shrunk back at some unusual fright;
When lo! a Meager Ghost approach'd my sight;
Beckning he stood—But as I wou'd have spoke,
The conicious Shade the trembling Room forlook:
I follow'd Fancy thro' her vast Extreams,
Below the depth of *Acheron's* Black Streams,
To Hell the flying Phantam I pursu'd,
Where *Faustion's* crowded Court assembled stood;
At her Right Hand was *Moderation* plac'd,
With all the Marks and Cloathing of the *Beast*;
A tott'ring Mitre on her Head she bore,
(A Modern Emblem of the Ch—s Pow'r;) *;*
While sullen Rapture did the Throng possess,
As tho' they Triumph'd on some new success;
When thrice her wither'd Hand the Fury shook,
Thrice beat her Haggard Breast and thus she spoke:
We come from Day—Thou ever Honour'd Shade,
Thrice happy we by thy industrious aid,
Whose dark Contrivances, I ever own,
In times, supported my destructive Throne;
Happy in Mischief thou hast bravely done,
Thou art the Guardian Payrite of my Crown:
She said and strait the low obsequious Crowd,
Thrice to *Cesare*, and their Goddess bow'd:
So Lesser Devils when the Great appear,
Devoted fall—and pay their Homage there.

But now *Cesare*—While Assembled here,
The Sequel of thy Embassy declare:
What from above thy loaded Breast imparts,
And how I Reign there in my Subjects Hearts:
Is there a S— chosen to my Will,
And shall our Darling C— have the S—

Do's *Anna* still—But these small Lets excuse,
I see thou labour'st with Important News;
When Nodding to her Subject Throng around,
They all were struck with Silence most profound;
An inward Joy inflam'd the Haggard Queen,
When thus Her Lov'd *Cesare* did begin.

Great Goddess Hail, Inspirer of my Tongue,
To whom the Praise of all my PLOTS belong;
Mistress of all the joys my Bosome hold,
Your direful Message I your Subjects told;
Receiv'd with wonder—but the Scheme disclos'd,
Nor one dissenting *Annamite* oppos'd:
They all your Sov'reign care with Zeal confess,
And Vow their Lives to Crown it with success;
The direful project they will aid with PLOTS,
Implore all Hell—nor shall it want for Votes;
They'll hatch, devise, no subtle Arts neglect,
Until the prosperous Mischief take effect.

Nabal do's first his kind Assistance lend,
Nabal a trusty Whig, a trusty Friend,
A Busy, Tronblesome, repining P—
Such as a L—and such a Commoner,
In ev'ry station till the same appear'd,
Was always talking, but was seldom heard;
Avow'd, but silent Foe to *Anna's* Reign,
Who wou'd a Coasted *English* Soul maintain;
Arraigns the Nations Conduct, and her Pow'r;
And trump's up Crimes he wink'd at long before;
He—though they mind so little what he saith,
Shall cast some Raks in their obstructed way;
He shall with orders of the *Faction* Churn,
And broach Chimeras to protect the *Queen*;
Till by some Nice Hand, the Plot be laid;
And then to their Moderate Schemes be, woe

— At which the Ravish'd Goddess Blest the Isle,
And form'd her Wrinkled Face into a Smile;
While gazing round her with Infernal Pride,
Proceed my Lov'd Cetheg she then cry'd.
A sudden Rapture seiz'd the List'ning Crowd,
Who thus express their secret joys aloud.
Blest be the Goddess, ever Blest her Reign,
That do's her Guardian Pow'r so well maintain,
As such her care be, still our Duty shewn,
To succour and defend her Gloomy Throne.

Cetlego, waiting till the Clamour ceas'd,
In pain to ease his over-burthen'd Breast,
Again the Fury humbly thus address'd.
Nor fear Great Queen to have the Ch— said,
Too subtle Mischiefs through the Tribe is spread:
Ario appears with the same front of Brags,
And vows to insinuate the Jons of Grace;
Ario, Devoted to your dreadful Throne,
A Bully P—st, and spiritual Dragoon;
So long your pow'rful Scepter be as Obey'd,
Their need no more of Ario's Plots be said.
Nor will fierce Zebulun forsake your side,
A Hair-Brain'd Teacher, and a Laxie Guide;
Whom with a Sainted Look and Sinners Heart,
Ails both the P—st, and the Trimmers Part;
Corah, and Dathan too shall change their Notes,
Be ready with their Councils and their Votes.
These, and a Thousand more, the Ch—s friends,
Thall basely swear to your nefarious ends;
Such is the Homage which they pay your Throne,
To raise your Kingdom, they'd destroy their own.
O! Holy Times!—when purity or Truth,
And P—st—prevaricate the Sacred Truth,
Desert the Ch—s for meaner ends unknown,
And chose with Errors that would pull her down;
Declining her divided State appears,
'Nvolv'd in Schism, and in endless Wars;
While Laxie P—st—es in Disguise Act,
And basely sell the Ch—s they should protect.

Creatures of different kind each other fly,
Or taught by Nature or Antipathy;
Wolves will not with Wolves, or Lambs with Lambs will sleep,
For things less humane, greater order keep;
Bodies of Earth down to their Centre move,
And sets of Fire ascend to theirs above;
But here the Ch—s against itself Combines,
And Mod'rate Pow'r, with mixt Religion shines;
Those who are sworn to guard her sinking State,
Do from her Sacred Essence Derogate.

Say then thou Guard an Genius of the Land,
Was it at first thy great and dread Command,
Thou Favourite Isle, with thy own Councils be it,
Shou'd be known by stubborn Laxie P—st?
Didst thou decree her to intestine Jars,
To endless Faction, and to Christian Wars?
But spare Discretion now my wandering Muse,
While black Carbons, his dire Scourge Pursues,
And the Ch—s inclines to own your cause,

Hor P— (says he) with blind *Enigma's* freight,
Are the best Tools to carry on a Plot:
Substitute one in Council to preside,
Ario the surest, he the rest will Guide,
With all the Parties Heat, the P—st Pride;
Like him there's none the wav'ring Ch— can draw
Nor doubt but you have Friends among the Law.
Though *Burso* will not to your Part be won,
Burst the Pride, and Honour of the Gown;
Who Justice to Corrupted Sear Restor'd,
Unbais'd on the Bench, and Fair'ful at the Board:
Though he your Lov'd *Sigileo's* Charge inspect,
With better Judgment, and with less defect:
Though *Zeboto* too, appear unfix'd, unmov'd,
Both by his Country, and his Queen belov'd;
As by a Race of long Successive Years,
His most unshaken Loyalty appears;
Nor aw'd by Pow'r, nor by fear subdu'd,
Has fix'd and Honest through all Changes stood.

Nor though *Trebulus* your Yoke endure,
Yet *Seth*, and many more are firmly yours:
Seth, who Harrang'd the H— in florid strains,
And din's their Ears with borrow'd Eloquence;
He to your Empire ever was inclin'd,
By Birth a R—, and a Whig in kind;
Whose Native Genius e're to feeble mone,
Declares these lucid Rays are not his own;
Unless some lucky Riddle make appear,
His *Sp—s* ne'er ate gull but as the B—st.

Howev'r, he no less appears a Friend,
That boldly utters what's by S—st P—nd.
Next him *Adorio* firmly do's adhere,
A Pop, a Trimmer, and a C—:
Whose soft Effeminate, and Taper Lize,
Declar him fit to meet the Ladies Eyes.

Euphronius for Kinder Vertues know,
Euphronius by double eye's your own;
That mid'st a Numerous and attentive Throng,
(For who can stop a Furious Rebel Tongue?)
Durst to the open World assert your Laws,
And plead a Rebel's and a Vagran's cause,
With all the Furious Heat, and Zeal Express,
That sure your Ardour had enflam'd his Breast;
Who ne'er before . . . but with Precarious Sense,
Had stray'd into such Beams of Eloquence:
He merits all the praise you can bestow,
What's to himself or to *Bathil*.

But passing him . . . *Dolo* is next in flew,
A shalow J—: but to your Empire true;
Yet shou'd we trust him, he as so little thought,
I fear he'd Blunder and betray our Plot.

Renato too, of that Loxious Train,
Shall Bawl and Wrangle to defend your Reign:
More I cou'd Name . . . but I forbear the rest,
The P—st rose, and then *Chorists* ceas'd.

Blest be the Voice, and ever Blest the Shade,
Dear to his Goddess Breast, the *Swain* said,
In these Dark Realms, for ever Honour'd here,

Be thou, wherever Faction keeps her Court;
 Her Guardian Ruler, and her chief Support;
 For to Cæsar's deeper Politics
 Are owing all my Triumphs, all my Loss;
 Nor fear I Clodio's Furious Heart will prove
 Less Vigilant, less Powerful above;
 On whom as one inspir'd I depend;
 An Active Patron, and a Faithful Friend;
 Who—when Sigilio's deeper Councils join,
 Shall shake the Trembling State, and make it mine.
 Till when—as of his Interest sure,
 We Recommend them to his Discreet Care;
 Scarce had she ended what she would have said,
 But all around her with surprise was struck;
 A pale confusion ev'ry Look confess'd,
 (For fear to Hell pursues a Guilty Beast.)
 When Wand'ring! so, a Hellish Voice was heard,
 And to their sight a Malign Shade appear'd
 An Honest, and Unwav'ring, Aged Ghost,
 Just then arriv'd from Albion's wat'ry Coast;
 One who had Fathom'd on the World's great Stage,
 The Depths, and Policies of ev'ry Age;
 In all the rules of Eloquence compleat,
 Factions great Scurge, and Senate's great Hate;
 Who did (when times would give him cause) expose
 Her Hated Reign—her Secret Arts disclose,
 And Routed all the Troop of Party-Deers.
 Nor when her Ancient Power she'd regain'd,
 Was able to endure his lasting Hand;
 So Crown'd with Honour'd Ages Silver Years,
 The greatest Genius of the Land Expires.
 Nor but my Muse, untun'd for sifter Lays,
 Eumenes she shou'd sing in thy deserved Praise;
 To sifter Numbers, change her dirgeful Song,
 Address to the Great Master of her Native Tongue.
 But be Consol'd, for Malice can't refuse
 Thy Learned Affect, some us sacred Muse;
 Haeful to me, as thou thyself to Peace,
 Thou curst Invader of all Monarchies;
 Who in thy Mind canst from the Hardest Things;
 Pull Sacred Altars down, or Butcher Kings;
 Still I'm thy Foe—nor hadst thou now beheld,
 My Hated Face, but by some Power compell'd;
 Some unknown Power in his Native Skies
 Beyond the reach of deep Enquiries;
 Gave me in Charge these Sable Reims to gain,
 Where Discord does, and Desolation Reign;
 Where Hell in Gloomy Triumph keeps her Court;
 And swarthy Peinds around her Throne resort;
 Hatching loud Mischiefs with Applauded Thoughts,
 Nor Hell has depth to Fathom all your Plots;
 Kingdoms thou hast Sworn their Ruin and their Fall,
 And at one hated Gasps, woudst Swallow all,
 Thy Lab'ring Feuds, and deep invented Schemes,

Nor durst I, Fearing the Spectre view,
 To my own self, the Hated Form I knew;
 Nor now was able to endure his Sight;
 A Stormy Passion did her Bosom seize,
 And flames of Lightning darted from her Eyes:
 Nor could her Soul to interance give room,
 Having the flood, and was with Passion dumb;
 Thrice on her Breast she struck her blighted Arm,
 To work some dreadful and destructive Charm;
 But Hell in reverence to the awful Shade,
 Their fierce avenging Goddesses disobey'd:
 Speechless a while the Glaring Fury lies,
 Entranc'd in all the bitter Agonies;
 Till having struggled with the frantick pain,
 Her Stormy Soul began to Calm again.
 So Swelling Billows, when the Tempest ceas'd,
 Foaming a while they rowl themselves to peace.
 Again the Ghost she distinctly view'd,
 Nor leas'd her Swelling Passion was subdu'd,
 When thus she to Eumenes Ghost apply'd,
 How hast thou dar'd intruding Wretch she cry'd?
 Without our Vow'd Permission to resort,
 Where adverse Faction keeps her Gloomy Court?
 Thou, who wast ever to her Realm a Foe,
 (Too well thy Aged Countenance I know.)
 Was it not thee in Popish Times of yore,
 That wast Consecrate with the Scarlet Whore?
 Didst all my Mischiefs, all my Plots reveal,
 And sunk my Empire to it's Native Hell?
 So baffled, to suppress my Hated Reign,
 I had ne'er R—n, but with the Sprung again?
 To which the fix'd, undaunted Shade reply'd,
 Yes, I thine Friend, 'twas I thy Plots decry'd;
 I did thy hidden Arts, and Tricks deride:
 Nor now I change I wish what I was before,
 Nor can that Love, nor one can fear thy Pow'r.

Nor his alone ——— urg'd on to Civil Wars,

Woud' st fill the World with universal jars;

With no fix'd order wou'd, or form comply,

Turn to Confusion All, and Anarchy.

Say *Fury* then ——— nor rowl thy Glaring Eyes,

I all thy haughty Menaces dispise,

How dost thou to divide the jarring State;

So work, to huddle up *Britannia's* Fate?

So subtly weave with Fell *Measle* Arts,

Thy Magic Spells into the *Peoples* Hearts?

For t must be Magic sure that do's maintain

Thy Plots and Mischiefs in a *Tory* Reign:

Where *Moderation* spight of Dury Rules,

Turn States-men Trimmers, Favourites thy Tools

Revoking P ——— like Rebel Children prove,

And Rob the Mother Ch ——— of filial Love;

Evn *Silo* too forgot to change his Note,

Preserv'd his Heart, and gave away his Vote;

When long, revolving in his Anxious mind,

Which part to take, to which be most inclin'd

Silo had doubtless let the Whig prevail,

But that his Sons Preferment turn'd the Scale.

Nor *Zeph* less, with all his signs of Grace,

Shall with his Trimming Arts, for *Tory* pass;

No *Moderation* principles I grant,

He's all a D ——— l, or he's all a Saint.

More he'd have said ——— when lo! a sudden Noise,

Rang through all H ——— l, of Loud repeated joys;

Transported *Fleets* ran Headlong up and down,

And shouting Flock'd arround her tow'ring Throne;

While now the *Fury* knowing what had past,

Swelling with Pride, her sullen joys exprest:

Let Revels now my finish'd Schemes succeed,

In vain *Larissa*, or *Aminius* plead,

In vain *Hortensius* do's carress the Throng,

Though *Munck* fall from his Persuasive Tongue;

Let *Celsus* know the Plots concerted here,

Are not defeated by his greatest care.

At length I find I shall compleat my joy,

And *Albions* Peace, and *Albions* C ——— b desery.

Then Discord rais'd her medly voice again,

And Sung the joys of a Triumphant Reign:

Sung poor divided *Albions* Hapless State

Her coming fall, her lab'ring Ch ——— b Fate.

While Hell was thus regardlessly inspir'd,

Silent and unperceiv'd the *Shade* retir'd;

Leaving unfinished what he'd yet to say

To *Realms* of greater Peace he took his way